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in the court as a consequence; Mr. Porter passes sentence out of court.

Song, "The Dream of Home," Moore, Mr. Matthiison.

#### End First Part.

#### PART SECOND.

Fantasia on Irish Airs.....Piano.

#### Ireland Abroad.

The Antipodes and the Anti Paddies—Irishmen in Australia; scene at the Pier, Melbourne; the Emigrant Ship; a Mother and Son; an Exsoil from Erin and its electric effect.

#### Ireland at Home.

"Old Residenters" mistaken identity; Ned Ryan calls out his father "and the rest of the dogs"; Railroad Surveyors "make tracks" instead of laying them; "Ailin" and Drinking extraordinary—living on "tick"; Ryan's private intentions of inflicting corporal punishment on General Board Day; an unlooked-for invitation; a family party *particularely* described; Mrs. Pursell again; Fireside Gossip; the pig on its legs and the pig off its legs, or Matt. Farrell's pigular way of selling a buyer.

Song, "Terence's Farewell," Mr. Matthiison.

Mick Dempsey brings in the "l etterh" from America and sings, "Farewell, Dear Erian;" General wind up of the party with Matt. Farrell's Comic Song.

#### OLD-NEW JOKES.

BY DR. DORAN, F. S. A.

"There is nothing new under the sun," and that well-used remark was, probably, itself without novelty when it became part of the chronicle from which we derive it. There is nothing new under the sun, not even our jokes, nor our fairy stories, nor our legends. They all come to us, more or less, from the East. The story of Amphytrion, of Jupiter, and Alcemena, is the variation of an old Hindoo romance, which tells us how a deity of the dynasties before Olympus put on mortal shape, and, assuming the outward appearance of a warrior-chief who was engaged in battle far away from home, entered the absentee's household as its lawful lord, and passed off the mistress of the house as his lawful lady. In either legend, the true master, when he descends in his proper person within his own circle, and finds who has usurped his authority there, expresses his most grateful sense of the honor which has been conferred upon him.

And then, "little children," do not lay the flattering unction to your young imaginations that Cinderella was invented in these later days, for your especial delight. The story of the little maid and her glass slipper is, literally, as old as the Pyramids. The author who charmed our childhood with the exquisite legend beginning with "Once upon a time," had no idea that the time referred to the period when Egypt told the hour by her water-clocks. When Rossini set "*Una volta era un Re*," and put in something more exquisite still to the text "*Non più mesta*," for Madame Colbran, just half a century ago, he had little idea that the real scene of the story lay, not in the old castle of Don Magnifico and the country seat of Don Ramiro, but on the banks of the Nile, before the first Rameses was king. The whole story belongs to a lady called Rhodope,

and she, the undoubtedly original Cinderella, lies buried, it is said, beneath the oldest of the Pyramids! This fact should be suggestive to summer tourists in search of an object.

It is singular to find how soon stories became old, even in early times. Even the exclamation of "Joe Miller!" to indicate a venerable joke, is as old in sense, if not in sound, as the days of the father of Alexander the Great. When Philip was the Macedonian king, there was a club of wits in Athens which met once a week, not in the tavern, but in the temple of Hercules. They had such a favorable opinion of their own powers, that they chronicled all their own jokes, and kings sent to borrow the book—"The Book of the Sixty," it was called, from the number of the members—when they were depressed by the turn of politics, or by their own humors, and stood in need of a laugh and its refreshing influences.

Very many "good things" must have been entered in this proto-jest book, though we do not know what they were. For a time they served the purpose of "dinners out," and of men who carried no wit about with them, save what was contained in their memory of the wit of others. The volume, however, became so familiar through its contents being circulated abroad, *vis à voce*, that the hearers at last got weary of it, and whenever a dull fellow sought to derive some brilliancy by repeating one of the oft-told stories, he was met with a general cry of "Come, that's an old Sixty!" And our best jokes are pretty well as old as the volume in question. For example, we ascribe to Theodore Hook the merit of mischievous originality in the "Berner's Street Hoax," whereby he brought a thousand or two of people, besides horses and carriages, into one street, and making towards one house at one and the same moment. Now, the honor of originality in this matter belongs to one Ciphisodorus, who advertised for thousands of day laborers to repair to a certain street in Egypt, at a certain hour. This was enjoyed from a secure hiding-place all the "fun" he expected from witnessing the confusion in a narrow street caused by crowds of disappointed men fighting their way out against crowds of hopeful men fighting their way in.

There is scarcely a modern illustration of witty or humorous Irish simplicity which is not, at least, as old as the Platonic philosopher of Alexandria, Hierocles, who lived five centuries before the Christian era. At that period men laughed at the simpleton who resolved never to go into the water till he had learned to swim; or at him who wished himself as speechless as the sick man from whom he could obtain no reply, in order that he might return the invalid's incivility; or at that other who attempted to keep his horse alive without food, and who failed just at the moment of success by the obstinate brute dying. Greeks laughed, long before Irishmen, at their respectively alleged fellow-countryman who carried a brick about as a sample of the house he had to sell. The Hibernian who shut his eyes before a looking-glass, that he might see how he looked when he was asleep; who bought a crow, to test the truth of the assertion that the bird lived a couple of centuries; who, in a shipwreck, clung to an anchor, to save himself from drowning; and who remarked to a friend who reasonably denied the asserted fact of his reported death, that the fact had been vouched for by one who was more worthy of

credit than he who denied it,—that Hibernian is an old Greek in modern guise, and the Greek, as in the story of Amphytrion, is believed to be indebted to a Hindoo predecessor, who may, probably, turn and "*Chin, chin*," to the original inventor of the story in Pekin!

Although most of the ancient Greek traits of simplicity have been transferred in modern times to Irishmen, the Scots have come in for a share, not only taking the joke, but naming a Scottish individual as the hero of it. One of the ancient stories in Hierocles is thus appropriated in the north: "Duncan M'Girdler wanted to use his mare, by degrees, to live without meat, and just as he had put her on a straw a day, the poor thing died."

This is the Hierocles story which was appropriated and made a fable of by the writer who is known to us as *Æsop*, and which has been transferred into every country in the world. There would really seem to be nothing new; tramways are found in Thebes and Memphis; the balloon flies in idea through many a classical story; the telegraph, under another form, flashed intelligence from one district to another of the ancient world; and even our choicest classical traditions have various homes. When Europeans first arrived among the New Zealanders, they found Hero and Leander a local legend, with the slight difference that it was the lady who dashed through the flood to meet the dusky lover, who quietly held the lamp to guide her to the trysting-place.

There is something very singular in the way in which errors still spring up, like weeds, on the spot where the original seed was sown. Not many months ago, the *Times*' correspondent in Paris communicated to that paper the translation of a letter which had just appeared in a French provincial journal, as an illustration of the simplicity of the modern Gaul. The sample was afforded by a letter, allegedly written by a soldier in hospital to his colonel, who had sent to the invalid the news of his father's death. The soldier's epistle was to this effect: "Colonel: I thank you for the death of my father. It's an accident, like any other; let us hope, however, that it will have no bad consequences. . . . I have just broken my leg, with which I have the honor to be, your very obedient servant!" Now, this sample of modern French simplicity and humor is as old as the oldest French jest-book, and that will give it an age of several centuries.

But authors, journalists, and critics at home occasionally err, even like their brethren abroad. The Examiner recently reviewed a book called "The Campaigner at Home," by *Shirley*. In that book the author states that a clergyman—a friend of his—had assured him that he had recently met with a sample of ignorance which had sorely distressed him. Encountering a stranger girl in his parish, the clergyman asked her whose child she was; to which she answered that she was "the child of wrath;" and on being asked where she was born, she as readily replied, "born in sin." Now, what a respectable clergyman relates, to an equally respectable author, as a trait of his recent experiences, *must* be true; but the singularity is, that the Examiner, whose critics are not wanting in acuteness and long memories, should not have been aware that this story, now cited by it as new, appeared in its own columns between forty and fifty years ago. If I mistake not the felicitous humor of it is due to Leigh Hunt.

There is a story told of Dr. Johnson, in which he is represented as referring to a literary friend, who would seem to have lacked the usual modesty by which literary men are distinguished. This is illustrated by Johnson's remark to another friend: "Sir, I never did the man any harm, yet he *would* read his tragedy to me!" As human nature has been of much the same quality in all ages, it is possible that this anecdote may be true; but it closely resembles, with a difference, one told by Horace, of a certain Drusus who combined the very opposite vocations of historian and money-lender. This Drusus, when a debtor came to excuse himself, on the "gloomy calends," for not being prepared to pay principal, or perhaps even interest, used to make the poor wretch sit down, and, with slavishly-outstretched neck, listen, while his creditor read aloud to him his prosaic passages of history.

If old jokes thus repeat themselves, old customs, too, have a wonderful vitality. In Blunt's "Vestiges," we find that, among other old Italian observances, that of demanding payment of debts on the first of every month is retained by some of the modern Italians. "I was assured by a Roman gentleman," says Blunt, "with very great feeling, that the epithet '*tristes calendas*' was never more applicable to the calends than at this moment."

To Dr. Johnson, by his biographer; to Lord North, by Earl Mount-Edgcombe; and to Monk Lewis, by the Rev. Philip Smith (in his "Encyclopædia of Wit,") is assigned the paternity of a remark which is believed to be as old as the Tudor period, if not older. According to some chroniclers, an acrobat was going through some thrilling feats on the rope; according to others, a violinist was performing a wonderful achievement on his instrument; according to Lord Mount-Edgcombe, Catalani was performing a *tour de force* in vocalization, when to the comment that it was "difficult," came the reply, "Difficult! I wish it were impossible!" Lord North was as likely to have made such a reply as any one. He had more practice of wit than he possessed love for music; and when he was asked to join his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, in subscribing to the "Concerts of Ancient Music," he answered, "I would do so most readily if I were only as deaf as my brother!"

Lord North did not become deaf, but blind. The same affliction visited his old political opponent, Colonel Barré. The two antagonists were brought face to face with each other in the Assembly Rooms at Bath, long after their season of warfare was over. Lord North was the wittier man, and he said with great readiness, "Colonel, I should be as glad to see you as you would, I am sure, be happy to see me, which is more than we should have felt or said in the old days." Something like this is told of blind old Madame de Deffand and a friend with the "sightless orbs;" and there is a French (alleged) origin to many of our good stories. The question is not what date is assigned to an old story now, but what is the date of the oldest recorded edition of the story. Only the other day some praise was given to a dissenting preacher for inventing such a happy word (infelicitously called so) as "ingemination;" but the readers of Horace Walpole know that the word was used by him in his letters, and they probably think that it had no more claim to be admitted into the English

language than the "anfractuosités" of Dr. Johnson.

Some stories, doubtless, repeat themselves accidentally. There is one of an old French duke who used nightly to visit an old French countess to play piquet with her, but he found this so inconvenient in winter, as he had to return home, that he proposed marriage, in order that he might decently stay. What is told of him subsequently is remarkably like the following story in "Richardsoniana": "Very often the taste of perpetually running after diversions is not a mark of any pleasure taken in them, but of none taken in ourselves. This sallying abroad is only from uneasiness at home, which is in every one's self. Like a gentleman who, overlooking them at White's, at piquet, till three or four in the morning, on a dispute, they referred to him. When he protested that 'he knew nothing of the game,' 'Zounds!' say they, 'and sit here till this time?' 'Gentlemen, I'm married!' 'O, sir, we beg pardon!' It was so with the French duke: he married that he might stay at home; and it was just then discovered that he could not abandon his old habit of going out, and accordingly he stayed abroad late because he happened to be married."

(From the Pall-Mall Gazette.)

#### VERONESE AND THE INQUISITION.

A very curious document has been unearthed from the Vatican Archives by M. A. Baschet. The "Processi del Sant' Uffizio" of the year 1573 contain, it appears, the records of the proceedings against the great painter taken by that formidable tribunal in the matter of a picture of his, which, to the holy and formidable fathers and nobili who composed the Court, appeared somewhat too worldly and frivolous for the subject represented. The cross-examination, the views as to art developed in it by the examiners, and the culprit's naïve and somewhat timid answers, are very interesting and characteristic of the time. It must be remembered that it might have gone very hard with Paolo and all his works if he had not shown a penitent spirit at the proper moment.

It appears that Veronese was summoned in consequence of certain general complaints against his manner of representing sacred scenes, and the profane additions he ventured to introduce into the same. The chief cause of this accusation has been a demand made by the prior of the Dominicans of San Giovanni e Paolo that the master should alter a certain picture painted by him for the refectory of their monastery—that which represents Christ at the table of Simon the Pharisee: in the collection of the Academy at Venice. To this demand Veronese did not seem to have responded with becoming meekness. Whereupon a denunciation including all his works was lodged at headquarters.

The Santo Uffizio at Venice was, like that of Rome and other Catholic countries, the Tribunal of the Inquisition, a spiritual court established "for the defence of the faith against heresy, and for the suppression and extirpation of the latter;" only that in Venice Church affairs were not treated quite as reverently as elsewhere, and fanaticism was thus kept somewhat in check. The tribunal consisted of the Papal Nuntius as the President, the Patriarch of Grado, and a Father Inquisitor, a Dominican. To these were added three laymen, Venetian nobili,

who went by the title of *Savii all' Eresia*, (councillors of heresy;) and every degree had first to be submitted to the Senate, with whom lay the execution of it.

The proceedings commence with the establishment of the culprit's identity. He calls himself Paul Caliari Veronese, living in the Parish San Samuele, and he "paints and makes figures." "Does he know why he has been summoned?" "No, he does not." "Does he surmise?" "He does." "Why does he surmise?" He surmises that "it is about the subject of which the venerable fathers, or rather the prior of the monastery of St. John and Paul, have spoken to me. I do not know the name of the prior. He has declared to me that he has appeared here and that your most illustrious excellencies have ordered him to have a Magdalen painted in the picture in the place of a dog; and I have answered him that I would most willingly do everything that was fitting for my honor and the honor of the picture, but that I could not see that the figure of Magdalen would look well there, for many reasons which I shall allege whenever an opportunity is given to me." He is then interrogated about the minutes of the work, its size, subject, &c., whether there were people represented upon it, how many, what they did and questions of a similar kind. The painter replies: "First of all, there is the master of the house, Simon; then below him there is the carver, of whom I have imagined that he would have come to see how the serving of the table is going on. There are still many more figures in the picture, of whom, however, I have no distinct recollection now, it is such a long time since I painted it." Asked whether he had painted any Lord's Suppers, how many and where they are, he answered rather confusedly. He enumerates one in Verona, in the possession of the monks of San Lazzaro; another with the venerable fathers at San Giorgio, in Venice, (the celebrated "Marriage of Cana," now in the Louvre), and one which he did for the monks "Della Maddalena in Padua." He could not recollect any other. It will be observed that the connection between these paintings is in the circumstance of their all being painted for refectories, the subjects treated in them being different.

After these preliminaries the inquisitor approaches the real matter in hand, the painting in San Giovanni e Paolo; and both questions and answers are exceedingly characteristic. "What are those figures? What is the meaning of those others?" he is asked; the question referring to subordinate figures. He replies: "It is now necessary that I say some twenty words. We painters take the same liberty which is taken by poets and fools, and I have represented there halberdiers, the one eating, the other drinking, at the foot of a staircase, but ready withal for their service: for it seemed to me meet and possible that the master of the house, rich and noble, as I have been told, should have such servants." Further questions about the other figures follow—they seem, indeed, to be somewhat arbitrarily introduced—as whether they were left entirely to the painter's imagination, without rhyme or reason. Paolo makes answer as follows: "I make the pictures with due consideration of what is proper, as far as my understanding can comprehend it." Whereupon the inquisitor angrily exclaims: "Does Paolo then consider it proper to introduce into the Lord's Supper fools, drunken Ger-